

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS



Brown's Iron Bitters is pleasant to take, and it will not stain the teeth nor cause constipation. See the crossed red lines on the wrapper. *Wm. D. Brown, Baltimore, Md.*

WHISKIES.
FULL QUARTS, \$1.00
SIX QUARTS, \$5.00

Fleming's Old Export Whiskey

Is a pure, helpful, home tonic—gives strength and vigor to the ailing ones—has stood the test of years

Freight paid on all \$30 orders or over.
CATALOGUE OF BIRDS, UGHOES, PATENT MEDICINES, ETC., SENT FREE FOR THE ASKING.
JOSEPH FLEMING & SON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS,
412 MARKET ST., PITTSBURGH, PA.

GUARANTEED 8 YEARS OLD

Sold by JOHN KILARI, cor. Sixteenth and Market streets, Wheeling, W. Va.

Talk is Cheap!

But it takes money to buy

WHISKEY,

and to get value for your money in whiskey, try a quart of

KLEIN'S SILVER AGE, DUQUENNE, OR BEAR CREEK RYE WHISKIES.

They are the best—that's what we claim for them. For sale by every first-class dealer, or send direct for them to

MAX KLEIN, 83 Federal St., ALLEGHENY, PA.
Our new catalogue mailed on application. Send for one. mrl-rhs:wy

STATIONERY, BOOKS, ETC.
1852. 1896.

WALL PAPER

—AND—

MOULDINGS.

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES.

Agent for Excelsior Sleeping Coaches.

JOSEPH GRAVES' SON.

26 Twelfth Street.

LADIES' FASHION JOURNALS

FOR MARCH ARE IN. And the Literary Magazines are coming in daily. Plenty of cheap books, School Books, Stationery, Eastern and Western Daily Papers, Gospel Hymns, Church Hymnals and Bibles.

C. B. QUIMBY, 144 Market Street.

PLUMBING, ETC.

TRIMBLE & LUTZ COMPANY,

SUPPLY HOUSE.

Pipework and Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating.

A Full Line of the Celebrated

SNOW STEAM PUMPS

—Kept Constantly on Hand.

ROBT. W. KYLE,
Practical Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter,
1155 MARKET STREET.

Gas and Electric Chandeliers, Pliers, and Taylor Gas Burners a specialty. 1812

WILLIAM HARE & SON.

Practical Plumbers, GAS AND STEAM FITTERS.
No. 38 Twelfth Street.
All Work Done Promptly at Reasonable Prices

A SECRET OF THE HEART

BY HOWARD FIELDING.
(Copyright, 1894)
SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Willard Davis is the head of the Union surface lines of New York, and his office is in the rear of the company's rooms on the third floor of the Ann street Bank building. Associated with him in various schemes for the absorption of small street car lines is George Stalbridge. Stalbridge is much disliked by Willard Davis' nephew, young Davis, who believes that Stalbridge is leading his uncle into dangerous and corrupt schemes with the object of finally securing control of the great property himself, and of gaining the hand of Willard Davis' daughter, now engaged to Walter Norman. The morning after a transaction, by which a small line in which Norman is interested is swallowed up by the large company, young Davis goes down to remonstrate with his uncle. He meets Stalbridge in front of the bank building, and rebukes him. As he mentions Norman's name, young Davis notes that Stalbridge glances up at him with a startled look. Young Davis goes to his uncle's office, followed by Stalbridge. The door is locked. There is a key inside the lock. A moan is heard and then a crash. Young Davis pushes the key out with Stalbridge's key, and unlocks the door. He sees his uncle on his knees, the latter trying to speak and falls to the floor, dead. As young Davis entered the room, a door opposite closed with a snap. He bursts it in, but finds the room beyond vacant, with an open window looking on the stone court. It is found that Willard Davis' body has two wounds, one on the head made by a heavy instrument, and one a stab in the breast with a small pointed weapon. A detective is summoned, who finds Willard Davis' keys on the floor near the entrance door. A towel is hung on a looking-glass high above the wash-stand. Blood stains are found on the door and on the edges of the wash basin. Stalbridge suggests that Norman is a very tall man. Meanwhile among the crowd that gathered at the scene, young Davis had noticed a tall Italian, who excitedly proclaims the murder a just deed. Corroborative evidence still further fixing suspicion on Norman is discovered, and while the detective does not accuse him, the matter assumes a serious aspect, especially as the deed of transfer of Norman's street car line has disappeared from Willard Davis' papers. Norman is unaccountably absent, but returns in time to deny Stalbridge's insinuations to young Davis and the detective. Young Davis declares to Stalbridge that the latter saw Norman on a passing street car while Stalbridge and he were talking outside the bank building. Stalbridge refuses to exonerate Norman by admitting this, whereupon young Davis threatens to conceal his own knowledge of Stalbridge's whereabouts at the time of the murder. Stalbridge is frightened, and he establishes an alibi for Norman. Suspicion then rests on the tall Italian, who proves to be a stockholder in Norman's line. The detective, Johnson, who has completed his investigations, privately tells young Davis that torn pieces of the deed of transfer, which he has mentioned to Stalbridge, are a "fake" for the purpose of misleading the latter. He shows young Davis a small scrap of the deed, charred and bloody, which he has found in the waste pipe of the bowl in Willard Davis' office. There is a small round hole in it. A horrible suspicion suggests itself to young Davis.

PART V.

A question of time.

"This bit of paper was caught upon the weapon that pierced your uncle's heart," he said. "I have that weapon here."

"Not Norman's stiletto!" I cried, remembering that he had taken it.

"There was no stiletto in the case," he said. "The weapon was a peaceful implement suddenly perverted to a deadly use. There it stands."

He indicated an ordinary spindle on which documents are spiked. It was simply a bit of steel wire about five inches long, mounted upon a metal standard, and sharply pointed at the end.

"It was all done in a moment of passion," said the detective. "Your uncle held that fatal contract in his hands."

"By heaven, Mack, you've lost him!"

It was burning. The spectacle and your uncle's words at the moment must have maddened the murderer. The first thing that came to his hand, Willard Davis fell mortally hurt. As he fell, his head struck the corner of his desk a violent blow. Thus, doubly wounded, he lay upon the floor. The murderer bent over him and slowly, fearfully, withdrew the weapon.

"Why did he do that?"

"Because that bit of paper was pinned down under the victim's heart. The murderer dared not leave it there. He secured it at the cost of wetting his hands with blood. The paper was soaked. It would not burn. Distracted with fear, the murderer rolled the paper in his hands and thrust it down the escape pipe, where, fortunately for me, it lodged. Then the criminal washed his hands, dried them on that towel, and walked out of that door."

"What are you telling me?" I exclaimed. "This is all new. What has become of the theory which you explained to me with such care—my uncle struck down, the door locked with his keys, the paper taken, the fatal thrust given at last because the victim revived while Stalbridge and I were at the door?"

"Up to the time when I was ten years old," replied Johnson. "I was a very truthful boy. Then I happened to notice that lying was not directly prohibited in the commandments. Since then I have made it a point never to

"I know all about them," I broke in, impatiently. "But you forget that when I entered the place I saw that door, leading to the rear room, close; and that it was locked when I reached it. The murderer was just escaping; my uncle was breathing his last. Then, by your measure of time, the assassin had remained with his victim nearly half an hour. Is that credible?"

"It is not," replied the detective. "But I can solve your difficulty. The first place let me show you how I measured the time. It is rather pretty."

He led me to the bowl beneath the glass, and called my attention to the fact that there was a small leak from the faucet of it, and then attempt to place the faucet in such a position that there would be a different rate of leakage. I found that the thing could not be done. The faucet worked by a law of its own, and wherever placed, it would spring at once to the position it seemed to prefer.

"Just after the crime," said Johnson, "when you and I bent over this bowl looking for blood stains, I noticed that leak. Instantly I marked the level of the water in the bowl. Afterwards I experimented and found that the time required for the bowl to be filled to

that point was fifty-two minutes. Take twenty-five minutes off for the time between the discovery of the crime—coincident with your uncle's death—and my marking of the bowl. That leaves twenty-six minutes. Now add four minutes for the time taken by the murderer in washing his hands. That makes just half an hour that your uncle lived."

"This is guess work," said I. "How do you know that the murderer left no water in the bowl?"

"Because, my dear sir, the last thing he did was to push down this bit of paper, and he wouldn't have done that while there was water in the bowl. He didn't let any run afterwards, otherwise the paper would have been soaked. He pushed it in, supposing that it would fall down the pipe. Then he replaced the stopper—or it fell into place—and my timepiece was in operation."

"Now as to the closing of that door. Watch this little experiment. I open the door thus. Now will you oblige me by opening the main door suddenly. Thanks. You perceive the draught of air shuts this one. It fastens itself. I've replaced the lock you broke, and everything is as it was. So we've disposed of your delusion that you were right on the heels of the murderer."

I was considerably perplexed by this sudden change of theory. It was hard to escape the detective's reasoning in regard to the time of the commission of the crime, yet there were several points that needed explanation. For instance, how could the door have been locked on the inside with my uncle's keys? I heard them drop out of the lock. Who had put them into it?

"It was Mr. Davis himself," said Johnson, when I put the question to him; "he was trying to get out. Doubtless he was feeling for help, but no one heard. Those marks of hands upon the door were his. The position shows that they were made by some one who was supporting himself with difficulty."

He could not open the door and for a very good reason. Dazed and dying, he had selected the wrong bunch of keys. I got the right one out of his pocket and the key of that door was on it.

"And that's the great point of this case. That door was locked—not with Mr. Davis' key, for otherwise it would not have been in his pocket. There is but one other, and that belongs to—"

"Stalbridge!" I exclaimed.

"Correct, and beyond a doubt Stalbridge is the murderer."

My instinct told me so, even when I believed absolutely that I knew him to be innocent.

"And now for the reason why I deceived you," continued the detective. "At first I acted on general principles. My theory propounded in this room was intended to deceive everybody. Afterwards I acted for the sake of the effect on Stalbridge. I did not know him to be guilty, but I strongly suspected him. I had heard of his stopping you and taking you for a walk. If he had anything to say, why didn't he bring you up here? Or take you into one of the rooms of the Union lines? It was fair to guess that he wanted to keep you out of the way."

"At last you forced him back to the scene of his crime. What must have been his surprise and horror at finding that his victim still lived! But soon he saw that it was to be his own salvation."

The closing door, the wound in the heart—everything seemed to indicate that the crime was but just done. Then he could prove an alibi through you.

"Instantly the desire to convict Norman seized upon him. He was Norman's rival for Miss Davis' hand, and he worked in that cause as well as for money in getting your uncle into his power. It was in my favor that he should plot to convict Norman, for he was more likely to be led into an indiscretion. And the surest way to keep him at bay was to satisfy himself of his own safety—make him overconfident. For that reason I worked upon you. He would not have believed me, but he put faith in what came to him through you. He knew you to be his bitter enemy, and nothing could sustain him so much as your confidence in him. Moreover, I had heard and Norman more or less under suspicion. I knew that he had been here, though I was not aware that Stalbridge was present at the same time. You forced that out of Stalbridge and also the very valuable and singular alibi for Norman."

"Meanwhile I had Norman more or less under suspicion. I knew that he had been here, though I was not aware that Stalbridge was present at the same time. You forced that out of Stalbridge and also the very valuable and singular alibi for Norman."

"He was saved by the water clock. He could account for himself up to the time when he entered this building and that time was absolutely known. It was three minutes before eleven. The crime was committed five minutes earlier. Judge, then, of my satisfaction when you remembered seeing Antonelli. Stalbridge was with you at that time. He had just appeared. He had time to leave the scene of the crime, to leave the building by the back door, to reach the street, and to stop you in order that you might not let the body."

"To Stalbridge, then, all clues lead.

tell the truth unless there is a very pressing need of it. Thus I have risen in my profession—"

"But why waste it necessary to lie to me?" I demanded.

"Let me show you why," he said earnestly, "and now you're going to get the exact facts. The great point of this case is that Mr. Davis lived nearly half an hour with a hole in his heart. There was where you went astray. You took my bogus medical report on top of the natural error of the ambulance surgeon, and believed that your uncle had been instantly killed. Wounds in the heart are popularly supposed to be immediately fatal, but this is not true. There are many cases—"

"I know all about them," I broke in, impatiently. "But you forget that when I entered the place I saw that door, leading to the rear room, close; and that it was locked when I reached it. The murderer was just escaping; my uncle was breathing his last. Then, by your measure of time, the assassin had remained with his victim nearly half an hour. Is that credible?"

"It is not," replied the detective. "But I can solve your difficulty. The first place let me show you how I measured the time. It is rather pretty."

He led me to the bowl beneath the glass, and called my attention to the fact that there was a small leak from the faucet of it, and then attempt to place the faucet in such a position that there would be a different rate of leakage. I found that the thing could not be done. The faucet worked by a law of its own, and wherever placed, it would spring at once to the position it seemed to prefer.

"Just after the crime," said Johnson, "when you and I bent over this bowl looking for blood stains, I noticed that leak. Instantly I marked the level of the water in the bowl. Afterwards I experimented and found that the time required for the bowl to be filled to

that point was fifty-two minutes. Take twenty-five minutes off for the time between the discovery of the crime—coincident with your uncle's death—and my marking of the bowl. That leaves twenty-six minutes. Now add four minutes for the time taken by the murderer in washing his hands. That makes just half an hour that your uncle lived."

"This is guess work," said I. "How do you know that the murderer left no water in the bowl?"

"Because, my dear sir, the last thing he did was to push down this bit of paper, and he wouldn't have done that while there was water in the bowl. He didn't let any run afterwards, otherwise the paper would have been soaked. He pushed it in, supposing that it would fall down the pipe. Then he replaced the stopper—or it fell into place—and my timepiece was in operation."

"Now as to the closing of that door. Watch this little experiment. I open the door thus. Now will you oblige me by opening the main door suddenly. Thanks. You perceive the draught of air shuts this one. It fastens itself. I've replaced the lock you broke, and everything is as it was. So we've disposed of your delusion that you were right on the heels of the murderer."

I was considerably perplexed by this sudden change of theory. It was hard to escape the detective's reasoning in regard to the time of the commission of the crime, yet there were several points that needed explanation. For instance, how could the door have been locked on the inside with my uncle's keys? I heard them drop out of the lock. Who had put them into it?

"It was Mr. Davis himself," said Johnson, when I put the question to him; "he was trying to get out. Doubtless he was feeling for help, but no one heard. Those marks of hands upon the door were his. The position shows that they were made by some one who was supporting himself with difficulty."

He could not open the door and for a very good reason. Dazed and dying, he had selected the wrong bunch of keys. I got the right one out of his pocket and the key of that door was on it.

"And that's the great point of this case. That door was locked—not with Mr. Davis' key, for otherwise it would not have been in his pocket. There is but one other, and that belongs to—"

"Stalbridge!" I exclaimed.

"Correct, and beyond a doubt Stalbridge is the murderer."

My instinct told me so, even when I believed absolutely that I knew him to be innocent.

"And now for the reason why I deceived you," continued the detective. "At first I acted on general principles. My theory propounded in this room was intended to deceive everybody. Afterwards I acted for the sake of the effect on Stalbridge. I did not know him to be guilty, but I strongly suspected him. I had heard of his stopping you and taking you for a walk. If he had anything to say, why didn't he bring you up here? Or take you into one of the rooms of the Union lines? It was fair to guess that he wanted to keep you out of the way."

"At last you forced him back to the scene of his crime. What must have been his surprise and horror at finding that his victim still lived! But soon he saw that it was to be his own salvation."

The closing door, the wound in the heart—everything seemed to indicate that the crime was but just done. Then he could prove an alibi through you.

"Instantly the desire to convict Norman seized upon him. He was Norman's rival for Miss Davis' hand, and he worked in that cause as well as for money in getting your uncle into his power. It was in my favor that he should plot to convict Norman, for he was more likely to be led into an indiscretion. And the surest way to keep him at bay was to satisfy himself of his own safety—make him overconfident. For that reason I worked upon you. He would not have believed me, but he put faith in what came to him through you. He knew you to be his bitter enemy, and nothing could sustain him so much as your confidence in him. Moreover, I had heard and Norman more or less under suspicion. I knew that he had been here, though I was not aware that Stalbridge was present at the same time. You forced that out of Stalbridge and also the very valuable and singular alibi for Norman."

"Meanwhile I had Norman more or less under suspicion. I knew that he had been here, though I was not aware that Stalbridge was present at the same time. You forced that out of Stalbridge and also the very valuable and singular alibi for Norman."

"He was saved by the water clock. He could account for himself up to the time when he entered this building and that time was absolutely known. It was three minutes before eleven. The crime was committed five minutes earlier. Judge, then, of my satisfaction when you remembered seeing Antonelli. Stalbridge was with you at that time. He had just appeared. He had time to leave the scene of the crime, to leave the building by the back door, to reach the street, and to stop you in order that you might not let the body."

"To Stalbridge, then, all clues lead.

He will be here presently, and you shall see how he faces the accusation."

"No; but he is shadowed. He will be arrested if he does not keep the appointment which he has with me here. He is overdue."

Johnson glanced at his watch, and then stepped to the door. I saw him start. His face suddenly flushed.

"Come here," he cried.

A slender young man in rather shabby dress stepped quickly to the door.

"Where's Stalbridge?" he gasped, as he glanced into the room.

"He hasn't been here," returned Johnson. "By heaven, Mack, you've lost him!"

"Not on your life. I shadowed him to this room."

"He did not come in. The man has escaped. He got onto you and took the alarm."

Mack, the shadow, struck his forehead with his right hand.

"Is it possible that he got in there?" he said, and then he pointed to the door of the vacant suite. "If he did, he hasn't had any chance to get out."

Johnson and I rushed into the rooms. They were empty. The window opening into the shaft was open.

"By all the saints!" exclaimed the detective. "The fellow has climbed into the back room and has heard all I have said."

We ran back and passed into the rear room, leaving the shadow on guard in the hall. Stalbridge was not there, but we were not long in finding evidence of his presence. On the wall beside the door some words were scrawled in pencil. They evidently had been written while the murderer stood there listening.

"Thank you for these disclosures, Mr. Johnson. Your views are surprisingly accurate. I would like to remain and point out some of your errors, but time presses, and certain considerations urge my immediate departure. I fear we shall not meet again, as it is improbable that I shall ever return to New York. It was not for the distressing noise of firearms, I would open this door and shoot you both where you sit."

These words had caught Johnson's eye on his first glance around the little room. He read them aloud. I meanwhile had hastened to the window.

"The infernal rascal has got away," said the detective, "but he will be caught. It may be a long chase, though, for he will take a barrel of money with him."

As I spoke I measured with my eye the distance between the two windows. It was a hazardous feat to pass from one to the other. I glanced into the shaft to measure the distance one would fall.

I looked straight down into George Stalbridge's face. He had fallen in passing from one window to the other, and he lay in the bottom of the shaft, mortally hurt.

His fall had been heard, thought not by us. Before we could get down the stairs he had been taken out of the shaft. He lived about half an hour, and was conscious most of the time.

Knowing that he was fatally injured, he had no hesitation in speaking of the crime. His story coincided perfectly with Johnson's theory. Willard Davis had yielded to Norman's pleas for fairer treatment in the railway transaction. Stalbridge, in the back room, had heard all.

When Norman had gone Stalbridge entered, and there was a brief and angry discussion, which ended in my uncle's touching a match to the railway contract. As it blazed up, so Stalbridge's anger blazed. The fatal blow came speedily. All else the reader knows.

(THE END.)

He will be here presently, and you shall see how he faces the accusation."

"No; but he is shadowed. He will be arrested if he does not keep the appointment which he has with me here. He is overdue."

Johnson glanced at his watch, and then stepped to the door. I saw him start. His face suddenly flushed.

"Come here," he cried.

A slender young man in rather shabby dress stepped quickly to the door.

"Where's Stalbridge?" he gasped, as he glanced into the room.

"He hasn't been here," returned Johnson. "By heaven, Mack, you've lost him!"

"Not on your life. I shadowed him to this room."

"He did not come in. The man has escaped. He got onto you and took the alarm."

Mack, the shadow, struck his forehead with his right hand.

"Is it possible that he got in there?" he said, and then he pointed to the door of the vacant suite. "If he did, he hasn't had any chance to get out."

Johnson and I rushed into the rooms. They were empty. The window opening into the shaft was open.

"By all the saints!" exclaimed the detective. "The fellow has climbed into the back room and has heard all I have said."

We ran back and passed into the rear room, leaving the shadow on guard in the hall. Stalbridge was not there, but we were not long in finding evidence of his presence. On the wall beside the door some words were scrawled in pencil. They evidently had been written while the murderer stood there listening.

"Thank you for these disclosures, Mr. Johnson. Your views are surprisingly accurate. I would like to remain and point out some of your errors, but time presses, and certain considerations urge my immediate departure. I fear we shall not meet again, as it is improbable that I shall ever return to New York. It was not for the distressing noise of firearms, I would open this door and shoot you both where you sit."

These words had caught Johnson's eye on his first glance around the little room. He read them aloud. I meanwhile had hastened to the window.

"The infernal rascal has got away," said the detective, "but he will be caught. It may be a long chase, though, for he will take a barrel of money with him."

As I spoke I measured with my eye the distance between the two windows. It was a hazardous feat to pass from one to the other. I glanced into the shaft to measure the distance one would fall.

I looked straight down into George Stalbridge's face. He had fallen in passing from one window to the other, and he lay in the bottom of the shaft, mortally hurt.

His fall had been heard, thought not by us. Before we could get down the stairs he had been taken out of the shaft. He lived about half an hour, and was conscious most of the time.

Knowing that he was fatally injured, he had no hesitation in speaking of the crime. His story coincided perfectly with Johnson's theory. Willard Davis had yielded to Norman's pleas for fairer treatment in the railway transaction. Stalbridge, in the back room, had heard all.

When Norman had gone Stalbridge entered, and there was a brief and angry discussion, which ended in my uncle's touching a match to the railway contract. As it blazed up, so Stalbridge's anger blazed. The fatal blow came speedily. All else the reader knows.

(THE END.)

All they know About It.

NEW YORK, March 17.—A dispatch to the Herald says:

All the Spanish newspapers are unanimously condemning the reaction against Anglo-American which has taken place in the United States senate. It is felt now that all danger of hostilities is over, unless some unforeseen event should occur.

A Close Call.

Mr. Isaac Horner, proprietor of the Burton House, Burton, W. Va., is about as widely known as any man in his section. He says: In April, 1892, I had a severe attack of rheumatism. The attack was so severe that our family physician was immediately called in and for about a month I was treated constantly by two physicians. Continuing to grow worse, I then placed myself under the care of one of the best physicians in this state at Wheeling. I continued to grow worse. I again called in our two family physicians and they continued to treat me for about a year.

I then tried several different patent medicines and liniments recommended by friends, but could get no relief whatever from anything and after being confined to my room for over three years all this time unable to wait on myself and suffering the most excruciating pains. In fact, I have not sufficient command of language to convey any idea of what I suffered. My physicians told me that nothing could be done for me and my friends were fully convinced that nothing but death would relieve me of my suffering.

In June, 1894, Mr. Evans, at that time salesman for the Wheeling Drug Company, recommended Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I decided to try it and bought a fifty-cent bottle. At this time my feet and limbs were swollen more than double their normal size and it seemed to me my leg would burst, but soon after I began using the Pain Balm the swelling began to decrease, the pain to leave, and now I consider that I am entirely cured. I have no pain, the swelling has left my limbs, and I was fully convinced that nothing but death would relieve me of my suffering.

In June, 1894, Mr. Evans, at that time salesman for the Wheeling Drug Company, recommended Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I decided to try it and bought a fifty-cent bottle. At this time my feet and limbs were swollen more than